

Should I Stay or Should I Go by Kurukami

Series: 11's Awesome Mix Tape #1 [1]

Category: Guardians of the Galaxy (Movies), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Gen

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Yondu Udonta

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-10-06

Updated: 2018-10-06

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:47:09

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 766

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eleven forces the Demogorgon back into the Upside Down, in very small pieces.

Eleven pushes her way back into the real world through the tear in reality that was left behind.

Eleven promptly gets abducted by Yondu Udonta and the Ravagers, looking to retrieve Ego's child from Earth.

Should I Stay or Should I Go

The blue-skinned man peers around the corner of the bulkhead, very carefully. "So. You want to know what's goin' on? I'll tell you. Tell you all about it, if you'll just listen without tryin' to throw me cross the corridor, all right?"

She's pretty sure that's the only way in. Her eyes flicker left, right, looking for other threats. Seeing none immediately evident, she gives a curt nod.

"Halfway down th' Perseus Arm of this here galaxy, just so happens there's a ship recently returned from a hunting expedition," the man begins. "Now, not so long ago, this ship was in prime shape. Got herself some top-notch engines, great for running down fat 'n happy freighters that wander out of the patrolled shippin' lanes, or gettin' the hell out of the way of some Kree warships, or Badoon raiders, or whoever, you know? Didn't matter none, she was good at both."

She listens without saying a word. Maybe the blue-skinned man is telling the truth. Maybe not. She can't really tell. He doesn't look like any man she's ever seen before, but he doesn't seem... not-honest, or twisty. Not like Papa was. He doesn't use words to bind and turn, or --

-- or at least, he hasn't yet.

She listens.

"Ship had some of the finest weaponry might be salvaged, bought, or outright thieved away mounted on her hardpoints, as well. Independently targeting particle beam phalanx, *vwap!* Fry half a city with those puppies. She had broadsides of tactical smart missiles, a damn fine array of phased plasma pulse cannons, and some of the best damn point-defense lasers you ever saw mounted on any ship this side of the Shi'Ar Imperium!"

She tilts her head, edges slightly sideways. There's a taste of iron in her mouth, blood crusted down from her nose where she didn't have time to wipe it away, earlier. She thinks he's still holding that... sharp

pointy thing, the whatever-it-is that flies when he whistles. It's almost like what she can do, what he does, but *not*, it doesn't thrum in her head the way things do when she focuses on them.

She's not sure why that is yet.

"Now, I hope you recognize I said *had*, 'cause this ship don't have control of most of those no more -- and I gotta admit it, little one, most of that's 'cause of you." The blue-skinned man tilts his head towards her again. "So I'm askin' nicely, because me and mine were originally hired to get you back alive and undamaged -- can we have a truce?"

"Truce?" she asks slowly. "What is... truce?"

"Yeah, you know -- that's when we stop tryin' to tear the crap out of each other, and co-exist all peacable-like. You got some good hits in, it's true, and I know we're gonna be a damn long time tryin' to patch up all the wiring you fried in the control decks. But we ain't gonna be getting nowhere without it, and we're one hell of a long way from anything that remotely resembles a dock." He pauses. "So it's either truce, or we're both likely to die slow out here when we run outta food. And trust me when I say, I been down that road, and I got no desire to walk it again."

"Truce." She nods, then realizes he may not have seen it, still huddled in the lee of the doorway like he is. "OK."

"All right then. I'll be coming out now." Slowly, the blue-skinned man steps out into the open. He's tucked the sharp-thing back into some kind of -- sheath? holster? she doesn't know the right word for it -- under his coat. "What should I call you, anyways? What's your name? Mine's Yondu."

"Eleven."

"Wait, seriously? *Eleven*?"

She fixes him with a glare. "Yes."

"Well." Yondu narrows his eyes at her. "All right then, I've heard worse. Eleven. You hungry? Want something to wipe your face off?"

She narrows her eyes right back.

Yondu grunts. Gestures back down the way, where she'd tossed more than a few of those that had been with him before. None of them stuck around to talk, though. "The mess is this way. Fresher, too."

As he starts leading the way down the corridor, she could swear she hears him mutter, "Least it ain't *Taserface*."

In an inside pocket of the jacket Jonathan Byers put over Eleven's shoulders when she came out of the pool, there's headphones and a portable tape player. The label on the C60 tape inside the player is smudged but still mostly legible, and reads:

~Il's Awesome Mix #1

Author's Note:

This is probably complete and utter crack that's been sitting in my head most of the week, based solely on my personal fanon that Jane Hopper, aka Eleven, would make a *much* more interesting child of Ego than Peter Quill has shown himself to be.

Every song on the linked fanmix is from 1983 or before. :D